

this way, if not opposed to supporting a Theological Chair in Ashland College. Last year and the year preceding we paid \$600 per annum for the benefit of Theological students, and throughout the brotherhood it was thought a noble, worthy work. Now, when this year because Ashland College is not opened, the Conference decides to use a small amount of money (for our mission fund is less than \$100) elsewhere, for the same identical purpose, why should objections be raised?

For the further satisfaction of all interested, I want to say that after the S. S. C. E. session, the members of the Executive Committee held a short consultation, and it was decided, that all students making application for help, should be helped to the amount of \$10 up to Jan. 1, 1897, and that each student shall preach *one* sermon at some mission point or for some needy church, for each dollar received. In this way our mission money does double work,—it helps mission points and needy churches, and also helps to fit young men for the ministry.

Further, all applications for help must be made to the official members of the Executive Committee, and must be accompanied by a certificate of recommendation from the church of which the applicant is a member, and all instruction must be received from competent Brethren ministers.

I think I have made this matter clear that all may understand, but if there still be questions in the minds of any, write us, and we will gladly explain. We don't want misunderstandings and dissatisfaction. We want harmony, peace and good will. May our Heavenly Father bless us more and more with His Holy Spirit, and help us more and more to work for His glory.

LAURA E. N. GROSSNICKLE.

Home Circle.

THE SKYLARK AND THE FIELD-MOUSE.

CLARA D. WORST.

In a meadow bright with sun an flowers a skylark and a field-mouse built their homes. All through the warm summer months they lived peaceably as neighbors. The lark was very happy, and every morning at dawn he would soar far out of sight of his humbler neighbor into the deep blue vaults of heaven, and there sing his angelic notes in praise to his Creator.

The little mouse was much dissatisfied with her caste in life, and asked the Lord to give her wings that she might soar aloft and make known her melody in chanting his glory.

To cheer the little mouse under her seeming affliction an angel came and spoke to her, saying that she was as near heaven on the beautiful green earth as was the lark, altho he winged his flight, as it seemed to the mouse, to its very portals. "O thou creation of a wise God, if thou hadst the gift of song, there would be no need of wings to make thy praises heard by our King on high."

But in her pride she still urged her stupid plea, whereat sprang wings and upward toiled a *squeaking bat*.

Sitting round the hearth the ancient fathers would tell this story to their children, which contained a lesson for them as well as for you.

Be content with thy lot in life, humble tho it may be, and seek not to imitate those whose superior merits thou couldst never attain. Each one has peculiar natural qualities which fit him for the place he is destined by God to occupy.

Perchance you cannot be a Newton measuring the heavens and demonstrating the laws of matter and motion, or a Wm. Pitt, electrifying all England with your eloquence, or a Napoleon Bonaparte demolishing thrones and subduing nations. Will you despair? An angel presence has guided you into a more holy way, and you can be a Mary kneeling at the feet of Jesus with your alabaster box of ointment, or a Roy Woodbury saving souls thro the distribution of sacred tracts.

The humble are greater than the mighty, when they resemble the North Star always in its place, sending down its bright beams, so that the mariner fixing his eye upon it, may find his path across the trackless ocean.

A FUNNY FLY-TRAP.

One day Bobbie was sitting on the back steps eating bread and milk out of a bowl.

All at once a toad came hop-hop hop along the path, and jumped right up on the steps by Bobbie's side.

Bobbie had never seen a toad before, and he was very much frightened by it, and began to cry.

Then sister May came out and sat down by him.

"What is it, Bobbie?" she asked.

"See the ugly thing!" said Bobbie, pointing with his spoon to the toad.

"Oh, it's only a toad," said May. "It won't hurt you."

So Bobbie stopped crying, and May said:

"Now see it catch a fly."

The toad sat very still, and so did May and Bobbie.

Pretty soon a fly came near the toad. Quick as a flash a long red tongue flew

out of the toad's big mouth, and the poor little fly was gone.

"Did you see it catch the fly?" asked May.

"Yes," said Bobbie.

"Toads are ugly to look at," said May, "but they are very useful. They catch not only flies, but a great many insects that do ever so much harm in the garden."

Bobbie thought it was great fun to watch the toad catch flies. Now, instead of crying, he laughed every time the long tongue flashed out, and a fly was caught. He even forgot to eat his bread and milk. He put the bowl down on the step, and while he was looking at the toad, the cat came along and drank all the milk that was left.—*The Examiner*.

TEACH CHILDREN.

That teasing is a positive crime.

That they must eat bread before cake.

That bedtime is not a "movable" hour.

That they must speak respectfully to the servants.

That bawling over bruises is unworthy sturdy beings.

That they should not appeal from the decision of one parent to the other.

That punishment follows in the wake of prevarication and hiding more swiftly than it follows active mischief.

That it is bad taste for them to tell all that they learn of their neighbors' domestic arrangements through playing with the neighbors' children.—*Exchange*.

CHILDREN SHOULD SLEEP IN DARK ROOMS

Children should be accustomed as soon as possible to sleep in a dark room. Unless they have learned to be afraid of it the darkness is soothing to the nerves, and the rest is more profound and refreshing than when there is the unconscious stimulation of light. It is particularly desirable for children of a nervous temperament that light should be excluded, yet it is most often the nervous, sensitive child whose imagination has been filled with fears of the shapes the dark may hide.—*November Ladies' Home Journal*.

I once heard of two men who, under the influence of liquor, came down one night to where their boat was tied. They wanted to return home, so they got in and began to row. They pulled away hard all night, wondering why they never got to the other side of the bay. When the gray dawn of morning broke, behold they had never loosed the mooring line or raised the anchor! And that's just the way with many who are striving to enter the kingdom of heaven. They cannot believe, because they are tied to this world,—Cut the cord.—*Dwight L. Moody*.